The Ohio Democrat

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BEN DEENE, ENGINEER.

The Pacific Express,
Dashing into the West,
Should have left the "Mountain Junction" at
half past eight,
But with pushing and switching a crippled
night freight,
She was an hour late.

There were thirteen cars in her train, all Two express, one baggage, one mail and the The other eight made up of sleepers and day cars.
And all of them filled.
The schedule was tast.
The night was steel cold.
The unscabbarded moon with its seimitar

And the glittering daggers that flashed from the stars,
Cut the air into blasts
As sharp as woives' teeth, or like

They chilled the great boller
Of the racer and toller,
Staunch old "83."
And though her engineer was the best on the (Long-bearded Ben Doene), She wouldn't make steam, So he could'nt make time.

As if maddened at this,
Her every valve seemed to humanly whine
Or alternately hiss,
And every gauge
Boiled with scalding rage,
A passionate writhing wrenched all her
nerves
As she clutched the curves.
Her maddened wheels shricked and piereingly creaked.

addened wheels shrinked and howled see scowled and moaned and howled and groaned That the hill was so long and so crooked and ep. That where she would leap

Hissing white-hot steam, sporting black ho

Hissing white-hot steam, snorting black hot flame.

On struggling, yet lagging,
As it she was dragging
Heavy manacing gyves or a bail of shame;
Her headlight eye burned into the night,
As some infuriate monster's might.

It chained 'gainst a victim secure in light.

Thus racked, panting and growling, she reached the top
Of the summit grade at the "Summit Shop,"
Here the schedule said "stop
For water and coal—oil up and inspect
The train's running gear and look close for defects."

From this point down on the western side
For nineteen miles—twelve near the river's side

The track was as straight as a rail-"Till it reached a sharp curve near a leaning onk tree. Here the engineers always said: "Now let her glide."
And made up the time
Perhaps lost on the climb.

The signal was given. Refreshed to a zest
Old "So" started
Once more to the west
And down this straight spin, called the
"Devil's kun," darted.
Being an hour behind
She sped by springs, rushes and glides at a
puce

That made a night race
"Twixt an ogre of flame and phantom-winged With a cyclone's rush, yet with scarcely a Down the "run" she flew with her thirteen Her driving wheels looking like millionrnyod stars. Surging on o er the ground with loud thrum-ming bounds Ran this metal-muscled and steam-drinking

At every crossing her ghostly bell Clanged sharply once like a dirge or a knell, And her shaggy smoke, like a gorgon's Curled off through the air, or enveloped the

train
Like its roar.
When the fireman opened the fire-box door
A crimson zone leaped from that flaming
lair
Through the frosty depths of the boreal air
With a ghastly glare,
Which danced through the moonlight and
ran with the train
But to crouch when the furnace was closed ngain. On she flashed, dashed and crashed through open and wood.
On she swished with swift swirls past the houses that stood
Apart in still fields or close clustered in Into hovels and mansions, through switches

and gates,
Her hourse whistles shricked flendish yells
like the Hates,
While hot cinders fell down
From ashpan and stack
Back along the steel track,
In a blazing red road, like a fire-path in hell.

With hand on the lever, her brave engineer peered into the night Through the dancing arc of her yellow head-light: Every muscle alert With vigilant care untroubled by

To make up his time without mishaps or hurt. He at last struck the curve near the "Leaning Oak,"
Hadajust leaned out, proudly patting her To whisper "You firt!" Had just said to the fireman:

no crab,"
When an axle broke
On her forward truck;
reeled for a second as if She recled for a second as struck,

Then began to thump,

And to bump, hump and jump
Over the live oak ties, as it they v

Deene set the air brakes; he reversed; gav her steam,
Then grasping her throttle
As a drunkard a bottle
And his hand were a vicesaw below him the river
Half filled with floe ice.

How her speed sends her smashing on over the ties! Will she never stop? How she shakes and shivers! How every inch of his train seems to quiver? No! a giance back tells him each car runs as still As it did on the upward side of Good! Only the engine is off the But she's off to the right! Great God, that's the side
Where the deep leed river rides.
"Here, Jack! climb this tank! Quick as light, man, get back,
And pull that pin
When I reverse again,
Or when she goes over she'll pull'em all in."

Stumbling over the wood, clambering over As the engine limped, then staggered, now

Jack Ford pulled the pin, just as "89" Down into the stream with a hissing But there stood athe cars as still as if stopped At some signal switch when a red light's dropped.

The fireman stood on the baggage car step Peering into the stream
Where the engine leapt,
As we fixedly stare in some aching droam.
What is that creeps slowly over the tank
From the half-irozen flood?
Then crawls like a worm on the stony bank?
Tis the engineer covered with ice, while his Flows fast through a cruel gash in his

That is horribly red.

But his great, steadiast soul, supreme till is Illumined the blood as he whispered: "Jack, Get a red light somewhere; quick, run up the track—
Think—the cast-bound express—I'm ail right
—hurry back."

As the two expresses stood nose to nose,
Decne lay down between them, in frozen
clotties.

If and saved two trains—
And babes, fair maidens, fond mothers,
strong men,
Rode unchilled by the flood,
Slept unwounded of blood.

When the Omnipotent Ken Scans eternity's realms to give crowns to true men; And the angel of records calls "Deene, engineer!"

Gan you doubt that then

He will answer there as he did at the oak
Whon the axle broke
"I am here."

—G. R. Bianchard, in New York Tribun

A TROUBLESOME BOY.

An Honest Farmer Comes to His

Ay, what was to be done with him? He had just completed his fifteenth year, was famous at cricket and football, rode his bicycle up and down the steepest gradients, was a fearless swimmer, and indeed the athletic paragon of his schoolmates. But he began to tire of his lessons, and to utter dark confidences to his sisters that "Latin would be no use to a fellow when he grew up;" that "he felt like a loafer as he went along the lanes to the grammar-school:" to do, he should perhaps run away to sea." This last confidence, which was given on a windy night, when the rain plashed most dismally against the windows of the children's room, quite alarmed Tom's sisters, who were ro-mantic and tender-hearted girls of seventeen and eighteen. They began to cry and to beg the indignant lad not to do any thing so dreadful. But the more they petitioned, the more stubborn Tom grew. Tears and entreaties only hardened him into firmer determination to doff his mortar-board cap for ever. How could he stay at school, when his chums, Sam Jackson and Harry Wilde, had gone to business! What did girls know of a fellow's vexation at being left with a lot of young boys, not one of whom could hold a bat or keep a goal! To sea he would go, unless papa got him some sort of a berth by Easter.

The poor girls were crying very bit-terly, and the rain throbbed in sympathy aga nst the panes, and Tom stamped up and down the floor, when his mamma came in. She was much surprised at the scene; for the children were always on the best of terms. She was still more surprised, and a little dismayed, when she learned the cause of the scene. Being a prudent and self-restraining however, she did not say much and with a few general remarks, that of course all boys must go to business in due time,' she terminated the painful discussion. After supper, when her husband and self were alone, she startled the good easy man by relating what had taken place. Tom's father was the principal doctor of the neighborhood, principal doctor of the neighborhood, which was so salubrious and so poor that he must have left it long before, had he not possessed a little independency, which kept the household afloat. He was of an indolent turn, getting gray and fat, like his old cob. Want of work, magnificent health, and a managing wife who took all the working managing wife, who took all the worries of life off his shoulders, made him oblivions of the young world growing round his hearth. He could not imagine that his boy and girls were weaving anticitissues of their lives, that these patory young birds were getting fledged for flights far away from the home-nest, So, the announcement of Tom's rebellion against school, and his thoughts of evasion, came on the doctor as the greatest event he had known for years.

"Now you mention it, Maria, he, when he began to quiet down a bit-"now you mention it, Tom is really growing a big fellow. He'll be six feet high, if he's an inch, by his twentieth year. And what a square, stiff back he's got! He takes after my mother's family; they were all strapping fellows. Yes, Tom's too big for school. He's like a salmon among minnows, among the grammar-school boys, Dear dear, how lads do grow!"

"Yes, yes," broke in Tom's mother, a little tartly-she had a temper of her own, as all managing women have— "Tom is big, and will be bigger; that oes without the saving. to be done for the poor boy? What career do you propose for him?"
"Upon my life, I haven't the ghost of

I was at Bimpson's the other day, attending his wife of her seventh boy, Bimpson sa'd to me, over a glass of wine: "Doctor, he is a fine child, I admits him the same than the same control of the same contro mit; but how he'll get bread and cheese, if he lives, I can't guess at all." And the poor fellow broke out into quite a jeremiad over the redundancy of boys ust now. He has three lads waiting for careers, and the deuce an opening can he find! Then there is Clumpit, the wheelwright-you know Clumpit, Maria? Well, I've been attending him for hypochondria. He can find nothing suitable for his eldest son; and it preys on his mind, because the mother won't let him go away from home to try his luck in some of the big towns. And old Burrows met me the other day, and quite pit fully asked me if I could advise him what to do with his grandson. I was really sorry for the poor old man.

Of course, I could not help him." Tom's mother looked more anxious as the doctor went on ramblingly; and at last she said: "All this leads to nothing. Tom must have a cereer arranged for him by us, or he will take the matter in his own hands. I can read his mind; I know him better than you, my dear. What must we do with him?'

"I tell you, again, Maria, I have not a ghost of an idea. Yet, I do know one thing—he shall not be a medical man!" Here the doctor relighted his cigar and smoked in frowning thoughtfulness until Tom's mother said decisively: "Well, if you do not know what is to be done with the dear child, we must ask the opinion of our friends, I, for my part, can not allow this subject to drop. It must be taken up and carried to the needful end. I know too well your easy-going way. To-mor-row, you will forget all about poor Tom. I say, and with emphasis, we must find a career for our boy. As you are holiday-making in maiden ashave no ideas, I shall write to such of sizes all over the country; police our friends as have experience of the stipendiaries are becoming sinecurists. friends as have experience of the world; and ask them either to advise us, by coming over here to a sort of family Your connections and mine have among them a great deal of experience; they know what prospects there are for the rising generation better than we can know, in this out-of-the-way place. So, I tell you, my dear, my mind's made up; and to-morrow I will write the let-

ou are a genius, Maria, as often told you. I believe would get us out of any "You I've you would get us out of any hobble, however formidable. I haven't the ghost of an idea; and you have the ideas themselves, heaps of them. Write, my dear, to all our relations that are likely to be of help to us; and we shall soon find a billet for Tom. God bless him! he is a good and clever boy, and deserves a splendid career. Don't forget my brother John: as a London lawyer, he will be a host of advice in himself. And be sure to ask your cousin Richard, the parson; he has always been fond of Tom; and, besides, he's the shrewdest fellow I know, notwithstanding his cloth. He ought to have deserves a splendid career. Don't for-get my brother John; as a London law-

be, he ought to be a bishop, would rule a diocese, Maria!" How he

succeed to your own practice?'

conviction that in a few years general

doctors in this country-will not gain

that they have proved themselves equal

"Just think! there are nearly a mill-

by my assurance that there is no

one so amb tious and remorseless

in professional competition as a clever woman! While our male medical students are dissipating, idling,

the end of this century, women will sit in most of the high places of the medi-

cal profession. They have keener wits

than men; they are more moral, more

industrious, and more sympathetic.

But I leave this part of the sub-

ject for another and more dis-couraging still-people are beginning

to be their own doctors! When I was a

young man, few persons were bold

enough to quack themselves! Now; there are millions swallowing homeo-

pathic pills and tinetures, and diagnos-

ing their own ailments themselves! Add

to them the other millions who feed

themselves on patent medicines, and, I tell you, the field of operation is alarm-

ingly diminishing for doctors of either

than a fraction of my sorrowful tale. Other multitudes, who, by all that is

the good old plan of sending for the doctor when they have eaten, drunk,

now bolt away to some dydropathic palace, and positively turn a fit of sick-

vast number of our hydropathic 'Halls

benefit you to the end of life, while my

they will soon touch zero. You, Uncle John, draw a fearful picture of a non-

as the tides; and all the year round, fevers and agues went their profitable

course. Everybody had a bad cold at

least once in the winter. Gout and

has gone! People take such ridiculous

earc of themselves: 'sanitation' is the

fuss about clean cowsheds, pure water,

pure air, and the rest, is cutting off the

said enough, dear friends, to prove to

by doing it ourselves, the lads in

Finer lads don't live in the

got.

John frowned sardonically.

doctors income at the roots. Have I

of old.

Nor have I yet unfolded more

In the course of a few weeks the family council assembled, for the doctor was really much beloved by all his con-nections; and his wife had so couched er request for advice that it was irresistible. On a keen March day, uncles, cousins and friends met; and after dincousins and friends met; and after dining at the doctor's hospitable table, they began to consider what career would be most likely to assure Tom of a happy and prosperous future. The reverend cousin presided, at the general here and advise me. It is my solemn request; and he opened the subject as

"When I got the letter which has brought me here to-day, I felt its appeal that 'Sam Jackson and Harry Wilde duct, though I must say his progress in the clussics at Easter; and the clussics is deplorably slow. When that if papa did not find him something I was his age, I read Homer for the in the new house that John Bull is by heart. Now, a scholar Tom never at my simile; but the prospect is not will be; of that I have satisfied myself amusing to me. Uncle John tells us before dinner in a private talk with that his profession is erowded, and that him. Well, the ground is so far the cry is still they come.' Yes, but cleared. Tom can not be a chergyman; whereas, women are swarming into our for of all things inappropriate, in my my opinion, the extreme is an ignorant Latin, and saturated with Hebrew. But will go to the doctoresses, as a matter of of feudalism has gone; the age even if Tom were a born student and of a serious order of mind, I could not advise his parents to devote him to the if truly feminine, born medicos. Now it is established, the husbandman will Church.

> mother at the emphatic closure of the secting-rooms and to brazen out the coverend cousin's speech. She had becures, and now that they are taking brain that daily bread flows for which such brilliant degrees, I, for one, throw we are bidden to pray."
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> Lettures, and now that they are taking brain that daily bread flows for which such brilliant degrees, I, for one, throw we are bidden to pray."
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> Lettures, and now that they are taking brain that daily bread flows for which we are bidden to pray."
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> Lettures, and say, place aux dames!
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> Lettures, and now that they are taking brain that daily bread flows for which we are bidden to pray."
>
> Lettures, and now that they are taking brain that daily bread flows for which we are bidden to pray." done, and thence to some pretty rectory as a rural parson. While she sat in silent depression, the rest of the company talked in little knots, until the to live. And accentuate the thought reverend president stopped them by say-ing: "Now, Uncle John, I call upon ing: you. No one is better able to say if the law promises fame and fortune for the rising generation, as it has done for the past generations since Cicero's time. we make Tom an attorney or a

barrister? "I am flattered by the manner you esteem my humble abilities," answered uncle John. "It is a strange coincilence of thought. I have also come down from town expressly to deprecate the putting of our young hopeful to my profession. I believe I could lay my casons before my brother and his good wife better by a few spoken words, than by any extent of correspondence; so I took an early train. Tom must not be a lawyer. Why, I proceed as briefly as can to explain. First, the fession is more crowded than the market-place. Second, the crowd is fession daily increasing, because most every family of the middle classes that has thriven during the past twenty or thirty years is sending a boy into a solicitor's office. The business is supposed to be very lucrative, and it is esteemed highly respectable, which allures the parcenia nind. As to the fiction of the law being a lucrative pursuit, I can not un- fair in social life, instead of following derstand how it originated, still less how it is maintained. A few solicitors, with quite exceptional luck and good connections, may attain to opulence. doctor when they have eaten, drunk, and worked, or pleasured too freely, now bolt away to some dydropathic But the rank and file of the profession palace, and positively turn a fit of sick-merely earn a decent livelihood. If you want to know what fortune does the Sybarites of old! Go rather and port of wills and bequests in the newspapers. While these are telling us of vast number of our hydrogentic. manufacturing, banking and trading millionaires dying in all parts of the country, they rarely record the demise of a lawyer worth twenty thousand pounds. No, no; the law is not a money-making trade. But it will be still less so, and that is why I warn Tom's parents against it. Tom's parents against it.

"Let me elaborate a little. Since I "You, my reverend cousin, have discians, has been hacking away at our fees continually, until now, certain branches of the profession are no longer fees are growing so steadily less that an idea, Maria. Now you have brought remunerative at all. County courts, this matter on the carpet, it recalls a for instance, have deprived me of hunfor instance, have deprived me of hundreds a year. The Judicature act has litigious England; and I felt for you as damaged my practice still more seri- you drew it. ously. However, I am not here to dwell upon my own mis-fortunes, but to prevent my lowing in my footsteps. Past law reforms are trifles to what are coming! In a few years, the most respect to the position of the bospitals, zymotics were seen as it used to do. When I was walking the bospitals, zymotics were seen as it used to do. valuable department of my profession will be simply worthless. I refer to conveyancing. Even now, it is sally shorn of its former profitableness. Soon rheumatism were solid annuities to it will be non cst. Registration of titles most of us. Broken limbs were fairly is bound to come; with it goes the old common in most families. In short, system of mortgage deeds and all the as the proverb ran, 'the doctor was costly methods of land transfer. As in never out of the house.' Alas, all that America and the colonies, the tranfer of real estate will be merely the business of government officials, and the vendor chatter of every nincompoop; and the and purchaser; lawyers will be eliminated from such attractions altogether. Then, as regards commercial cases— Chambers of Commerce will go on with the simple methods of arbitration and you that Tom cannot be a doctor? conciliation, until at last the courts will hear no more of traders' contentions

> than if such did not exist. 'Last and worst of all, there is growing a steady abhorrence of legal conflicts in all ranks and classes. When I was apprenticed, even the poorest fellow would rush into law against a neighbor or relative with the greatest confidence; ay, and be ruined with a sort of grim satisfaction. In those days, every body delighted in law. Now, if I am not vastly wide of the mark, men will submit to the rankest frauds and personal assaults as meekly as the most abject Asiatics. Yes, really, the En- When my father made me a farmer glish race, once litigious to a degree, is positively afraid of entering upon the most trumpery su't in the inferior lads into gentlemen, and I felt slighted courts. Finally, the lowest of our business, that of the criminal courts, is dwindling into insignificance. Judges What with popular education, milder manners, law reforms, land reforms, and the rest, no man would think of and the rest, no man would think of disheartening time; and what's more, putting a youngster into the fast decaying legal profession.

Uncle John spoke with such evident and crushing sincerity that Tom's father and mother uttered a simultaneous groan as he finished; and for a few min-

utes something like consternation kept But the reverend president did not forget his duty, and afterward resumed in these terms: "My dear friends, I am sure we are all greatly indebted to Uncle John for his luminous remarks upon the actual and coming condition of the profession, of which he is so distinguished a member. Of course, our dear Tom can not be a lawyer. Let as therefore proceed with our deliberations standing his cloth. He ought to have er person here present. Knowing how could put him to some gentlemanly way other occurred on an open lawn been a barrister. But, as that can not hopeless the church and the law are, do of making a living in town, he would prosence of two hundred people.

you not think it best to train Tom to not be so happy and so healthy as in the "I certainly am greatly surprised at few days with us, the lad is in his elewhat I have just heard of the degenerate state of two noble professions," said Tom's father: "indeed, I may express ment, and works with his cousins right handily. Put him in a field, brother, put him in a field."

myself as stunned by the revelations.

Yet, I do not think that the future of cultured relatives by his long speech; still more, by the almost pathetic earnestness of his appeal.

The reverend cousin, who had smiled compassionately at the rude beginning of the harangue, grew attentive as it went on; and at the end, clapped his neral hands approvingly, "Bravo, Uncle that Lucas!" he cried; "thou art the one added wise man amongst us. A farmer let practitioners in medicine—and that means ninety-nine out of every hundred Tom be, doctor. Churches may fall, brought me here to-day, I felt its appeal doctors in this country—will not gain so strongly that I made immediate arrangements to be present. Tom has always been an exemplary boy in conduct, though I must say his progress in the clussics is deplorably slow. When I was his age, I read Homer for the pleasure it gave me; and I had Horace by heart. Now, a scholar Tom never at my simile, dear friends, by the I have activated used to the prospect is not lives on the earth he must eat; and the progress in this country—will not gain legal systems vanish, the healing art be medicine will have that department of the profession to themselves; a few more will have the surgical. For the good tillers. During the period of change that has set so strongly, let us see what remains least affected by the mutations of time and circumstances. While man live on the earth he must eat; and the profession to themselves; a few more will have the surgical. For the good tillers. During the period of change that has set so strongly, let us see what remains least affected by the mutations of time and circumstances. While man live that the profession to themselves; a few more the profession to the ourveyor of food, therefore, has a first , and that lien upon all the productions of society. Yes, but It flashed into my mind, as Uncle Lucas was speaking, that perhaps the greatest result of all the metamorphoses going profession. Think of that, good folks! on will be the sublimation of husbandry.
Realize what it means for the men-docdivine. In my profession, one ought to tors of the next generation. All our as an inferior career, and has to a cerbe steeped in Greek, permeated with practice among children and women tain degree been shunned. The age Latin, and saturated with Hebrew. But will go to the doctoresses, as a matter of of feudalism has gone; the age

be duly honored and duly rewarded, as Something like a blank fell on Tom's to all the tests of the continental dis-nother at the emphatic closure of the secting-rooms and to brazen out the pre-eminent citizen, as the vener-

father began to smile hopefully, and his

ion more women than men in these mother regained serenity.

happy islands, and they are all bound "We educated men." said the reverend cousin, concluding the business, there not done our duty by your class, Uncle Lucas. We have kept our intellectual children from your business, to the great retardation of agricultural science. Now that the professions are Hippocrates' days, their lady rivals are preparing to puzzle a John Hunter, a Claude Bernard, a Bichat, or any savant Claude Bernard, a Drophesy that, before no longer profitable, we shall send some of our best youth to your pursuits.

Uncle Lucas prevailed, and Tom "was turned into a field." What the result will be in these times of agricultural depression, is a thing of the future.-Chamber's Journal.

NOAH'S ARK QUILT. The Latest Kink of Fashionable Lovers of Fancy Work.

One of the fashionable little "fads" of the day in fancy work is a Noah's ark quilt. The quilt can be of serge, cloth, satin sheeting or plain cream sheeting, and is designed and commenced by the lady who starts it. If she is a good worker she embroiders or appliques the the quilt, but placed high up. The aniprocession round the entire quilt, marching round toward the ark. Sometimes the procession is curved, so as to form a design over the entire surface; but this depends on individual taste and fancy. The lady asks her friends and neighbors to work the pairs of animals, usually giving them some choice in the Some of these quilts are very matter. amusing, and really worth keeping. At a recent starting of one a lady volunteered to work two fleas, which she eventually did, with wonderful care and dexterity. In cream sheeting the animals may be all in red Turkey twill, worked with red ingrained thread, or in various colors. This may be an idea for many busy fingers. The baby's crawling blankets or cot coverwas put on the rolls. Law Reform, as it suaded us from educating Tom for your lids probably gave the idea of the spleasantly called by certain politi- profession; but that profession is still Noah's Ark quilt, and also suggested the same style of perambulator cover. The animals are generally cut out in paper first, and then in whatever material they are to be worked in, and are copied from a child's colored picture book. In the Noah's Ark collection, you drew it. Yet my clients are still more pig-headed. Yours won't go to law; mine won't go to the doctor. scraps of fur and skin are used, to represent the specimen as true to nature as possible. It is also occasionally worked by one pair of hands on a foun-dation of double width diagonal serge with the various animals portrayed in wools, sometimes in cross-stitch first worked on pieces of ordinary canvas, afterward drawn away, or in outline stitch in crewels, or in another stitch which is being a good deal now used for traveling rugs, bath blankets, etc., which is done by laying wool in strands on the outlined pattern, and tacking it down by small stitches of silk, or a contrasting color. - N. Y. Herald.

WATERING PLANTS.

people attempt to keep pot

How and When Pot Plants Should Be

Tom's father fell into his chair overone. Usually, however, the earth in come with his own rhetoric; Tom's the pot or box is kept soaked and very mother furtively wiped two tributory much in the condition of an ordinary a trustworthy remedy; or even for retears from her eyes; the reverend cousin looked at the ceiling inquiringly; Uncle swamp. It is even said that malaris has resulted from living in rooms con-Uncle Lucas, the farmer, who had taining house plants, owing to the listened in puzzled be vilderment to the damp soil. We have ourselves seen recitals of his relatives, now got leisuredead evergreens pulled out of boxes full of mud. A gardener's journal gives utly on to his feet, and broke it in thus Well, well, it's all over with gentle terance to the following timely remark folks, too, it seems to me. I thought Watering plants is one of the most imthat every body was thriving but the portant things in the culture of house poor farmers, and now I learn that our plants, and very special care should be betters are no better off than ourselves! taking the earth from the pot it crumat being left among clodpoles in the vil-lage. But I begin to think I shall have bles to pieces like dust; a sure sign is to knock on the side of the pot, near the middle, with the finger knuckle. the best of it after all. I am in no trougives forth a hollow ring, the plant needs water; if there is a dull sound, there is ble to find careers for my two lads and three lassies. Since the laborers have still moisture enough to sustain the begun te ask twice as much wages, I have taken the lads to help me. Well, plant. Plants must not be wet more than once or twice a day; on dry, clear we've pulled through a troublesome and days they require more water than on damp, cloudy days. On the other hand, the earth must not be allowed to dry found out how to make farming payout entirely, for that is also very in jurious. In wetting them the water tields, and the girls in the house and dairy. We've had to take hold of the must be poured on in such a way that it will run out again through the hole in the bottom of the pot. If the earth gets too dry, it is best to place the pot in water so that the water will saturate the rough end of the stick, truly. The girls had to give up many of the fal-lals that young ladies learn at boarding-school; and the boys had to wear corduroy and the dirt very gradually. They may be watered at any hour of the day. except hobnailed shoes. But they are none the worse for the case-hardening they've when the sun is shining on the pot or has just left it; for the earth gets hot and as to the girls, they're as blithe as the birds; and that, I reckon, is as good when the sun shines on it, and then it cold water is poured on it, it will cool a test of contentment as you can get. off too rapidly. The best time for wabrother doctor, let me advise tering flowers in summer is the evenyou what to do with your son Tom. The church, the law, and medicine all ing, and in winter noon is best. water should never be used, but always use either rain water or brook water .-Boston Transcript.

-Two novel marriages were cele brated at Newburgh, N. Y., recently. One took place at midnight and the other occurred on an open lawn in the THE FALCONER.

What This Personage Is Expected to De for His Master's Birds. A falconer who has the exclusive care

falcons or hawks or both, finds little time hanging heavily on his hands. By the time he has moved out his charges to the lawn and set their nocturnal abode in order, he will have got an appetite for his own breakfast. Then there is the business of feeding those hawks which are not to fly, and perhaps exercising most of them to the lure, in the manner so graphically described by Izaak Walton. Then the bath or baths must be filled, and the hawks which are to be indulged with that luxury moved to a place where they can jump in and splash about to their hearts' Then the plan of the day's campaign must be arranged, having regard to wind and weather, and the chance of where the quarry is most likely to be found, and when the day's work in the field is over the falconer's day is not nearly There is the "feeding up" of the hawks that have not been allowed, or have not had time, to "take their pleasure" on the quarry. Every thing depends upon meting out to the hungry creatures just genuity we can fix up that broken show-that quantity of food which will keep case, so that no one will know the difthem in full health and strength, but without overgorging them or making them inactive on the morrow. If a feather has been broken by some acci dent during the day it must be mended at once; if a jess is worn out it must be replaced. The feet and beaks of all the hawks should be cleansed, their hoods seen to, and the lures made ready for use on another day. Nor let it be forgotten that there is such a thing as losing a hawk. When this disaster happens the country is —Little Johnny: "Pa, did scoured till dark in search of the truant. and if not found, the falconer, before break of day, is again on the lookout with his lure in hand. A successful falconer lies on no bed of roses. Only constant attention will make his hawks fond of him. But when they are so, he stands among them a friend among faithful friends. At a sign from him they will jump toward him; nay, at his first appearance—in the words of the old sportsman—"they re-The character of each of them joice.' -for hawks differ in character as much as men and women-is as well known to him as his own. He knows what can or cannot be done with each; and thus

from it less patient and persevering tyros.—English Illustrated Magazine. A BLOW AT PASTEUR.

pointments that have frightend away

Looking at Hydrophobia Inoculation in

the Light of Recent Catastrophes. It is becoming more apparent every day that the hopes and expectations based on M. Pasteur's method of treat-Noah's ark, which is near the center of ing wounds inflicted by supposed rabid animals were premature and unwarmals are all in couples, and form a long ranted. When several of the Russians who had been bitten by wolves died in despite of inoculation it was said that the virus of rabid wolves was much more powerful than that of dogs, and therefore the treatment had not been successful in those cases. Now, however, a girl who had been bitten by a dog, treated in time, according to M. Pas-teur's theory of incubation, thoroughly inoculated and discharged, as was supposed, cured, has died of hydrophobia. It remains to be seen what the explanation offered in this instance will be, but it is not necessary to await it to per-ceive clearly that it can not be satisfactory. The death of this girl, in fact, must be regarded as demonstrating the fallacy of the reasoning founded on M. Pasteur's preliminary experiments, for it proves that the inoculatory process, however carefully and fully performed. is liable to produce no protective re-

This occurrence, moreover, lends fresh significance to the experiments and conclusions of Dr. Spitzka. The latter, it may be remembered, employed many substances in inoculation, and with nearly all of them he found it possible to produce the symptoms usually ascribed to hydrophobia. These experiments indeed inevitably suggest doubt which at an early stage of his public treatment was raised concerning M. Pasteur's method. "How," it was inquired, "is it to be known, in the event of death occurring after inoculation, whether it followed from the bite of the dog or from the treatment?" Now if, as has forms of spinal meningitis can be produced by inoculation, and if, as in the girl was really rabid, how can her death, with hydrophobic symptoms, be them. with any confidence attributed to the dog bite? It seems quite possible that It seems quite possible that plants without giving them any water the inoculation may have been the actual at all; the result is familiar to every cause of her death, in fact; and while so grave an uncertainty remains it is perfectly clear that there in no justifica-tion for adopting the Pasteur method as bellows, and I can hold a horse's foot garding it as free from very serious dangers.—N. Y. Tribune.

A VENERABLE CHURCH.

Interesting Features of the Old Mexican Town Across the Rio Grande. In Paso del Norte there is a cathedral three hundred and twenty-five years old, built by Spanish Jesuits. It is not that devoted to it. Plants ought not to be wet until they need it. It will be evident that they require wetting, if on priateness and simplicity-offering in this respect a lesson to the moderns. The walls are of adobe, plain and straight; and neither the walls nor the it closer, to the proper size. massive timbers are any the worse their three centuries of wear. But the heavy woodwork everywhere is beautifully carved. In the cathedral are rec ords of great historic value, reaching back hundreds of years. Some of the decorations and religious emblems are presents from the monarchs of Spain. The old church is well worth a visit from any tourist, particularly the student of art and history. But to a tourist who has never seen a Mexican town it is not the only object of interest by any means. There are the quaint streets of ancient adobe houses, with dark-eyed senoritas peeping from the windows-when there are any-or through the cracks of the doors. Some of the senoritas are very handsome, and not adverse to a little harmless flirtation with the fair-haired son of the North. listen with charming attention he says fine things in a tongue lo not understand. The town of they do not understand. Paso del Norte has a population of about seven thousand—pretty fair for a Mexican town. But thirty years ago it was a city of thirty thousand souls. "A thriving city," we should have called it in the United States. What has become of this large population no one can tell. They have folded their tents like the Arabs, and silently stolen away .- Outing.

PITH AND POINT.

-"The rambling old farm-house" is not confined to the East since the West began to enjoy a monopoly of cyclones.

of half a dozen trained birds, whether -Burlington Free Press. —"Pa," said a young hopeful, "I know what a man who has seen better days is." "Well, my son, what is he?" "He is man who makes you tired talking about himself."—N. O. Picayane.

-"What's perbation, Jimmie?" said one ragged street urchin to another "Doncher knaw?" was the response.
"Naw." "Well, perbation's when a feller's gittin' square wid himself."-Boston Post.

-It is awfully exasperating to the man who doesn't like the way in which a big newspaper is run to send a vigorous protest and then see the big newspaper keep right on running in the way he doesn't like. — Cambridge Chronicle. -Marblehead (Mass.) young women

have got up a nice kind of a party.

where the young men in attendance are required to sew across the bottom of an The young women give 'em needles, but no other points .- Boston Globe. -A Nice Man to Handle Morphines Druggist: "Perhaps with a little in-

case, so that no one will know the dif-ference." Clerk: "Ingenuity! What's that? Some of that new sticking-stuff we got in yesterday?"—N. Y. Times.

-"Now, who can tell me something about Solomon?" asked a Cedar street Sunday-school teacher while reviewing her class upon the illustrious Biblical characters. "He runs a cigar : tore on Main street," promptly responded a small boy whose acquaintance with Buffalo surpasses his knowledge of

-Little Johnny: "Pa, did you read in the paper how a parent was fined twenty-five dollars because his little boy hung on a street car?" "Well, what of it?" asked Colonel Fizzletop. "Oh. nuthin', except I thought maybe you wanted to give me some nickels to buy car tickets. When I have car tickets I don't swing on the street cars."-Texas Siftings.

-He and she:

AT FIRST. He sat and twisted his blonde mustached

AT LAST. She stood with her head on his shoulder laid;
He toyed with the straying curl;
She had no thought of her other beau,
Nor he of his other girl. he is still able to carry on the most dif-ficult of all sports without the dissap-

-That was a sweet reply of the little girl found busying at the froning-table, moothing the towels and stockings. "Isn't that hard work for the little arms?" was asked. A look like sunshine came into her face as she glanced toward her mother, who was rocking the baby. "It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma," she said softly .-N. Y. Times.

-The Donkey's New Departure: Donkey who was tired of Drawing his Master's Cart about went to the Cow for Advice, saying: "You have nothing to do all day long, while I work like a Slave. Tell me how I can escape this Drudgery." "All you have to do is to run away and Smash the Cart," replied the Cow. The Donkey determined to follow the Advice, and next morning when he set out to the Forest with the Cart after Faggots he suddenly Kicked up his heels and started off on a gallop. Ohho!" exclaimed the Peasant as he put on the whip; "I see what the Trouble is with you! I am Feeding you Too Many Oats. Hereafter your rations will be Requeed one-half." Moral: There is such a thing as being too Smart - Detroit Free Press.

A TIMELY RIDE. The Part Played by a Lame Boy in the

Revolutionary Struggle. It may seem at first that the boy mentioned in this incident, which is given

by Edward Everett Hale in his "Boy Heroes," did nothing either heroic or remarkable, but it is a good illustration of the value of doing one's very best under all circumstances. There was a boy whom I will name

Luke Varnum. He was fifteen years old and he was lame of his left foot. So, when every other boy in Number Five, and every man, old and young, shouldered his firelock and marched off to join General Stark, and go and fight the Hessians at Benington, Luke was left at home. He limped out and held the stirrup for Lieutenant Chittenden to mount, and then he had to stay at home been shown by Dr. Spitzka, various with the babies and the women. The men had been gone an hour and a half when three men galloped up on horsemajority of Pasteur's cases, there is no back. And Luke went down to the rails to see who they were. "Is there nobody here?" said one of

"Yes," said Luke, "I am here."

"I see that," said the first man laughing. "What I mean is, is there nobody here can set a shoe?"
"I think I can," said Luke. "I often

Anyway, I will start up the fire. Luke went into the forge and took down the tinder-box and struck a light. He built the fire, and hunted up half-adozen nails which Jonas had left unin-

tentionally, and he had even made two more, when a fourth horseman came slowly down on a walk. "What luck," said he, "to find a forge with the fire lighted!" "We found one," said Marvin, "with a boy who knew how to light it.'

The other speaker flung himself off the horse meanwhile. And Luke pared the hoof of the dainty creature, and it closer, to the proper size.
"It is a poor fit," he said, "but it will

"It will do very well," said her rider. "But she is very tender-footed, and I do not dare trust her five miles unshed." For pride's sake, the first two nails Luke drove were those he had made himself. And when the shoe was fast, he said: "Tell Jonas that I het up the forge—and put on the shoa."
"We will tell him," said the Colonel, laughing, and he rode on.

But one of the other horsemen tarried minute, and said; "Boy, no ten men who left you to-day have served your country as you have. It is Colonel Warner."

When I read in history how Colonel Warner led up his regiment jusz in time to save the day at Bennington, I am apt to think of Luke Varnum. When I read that that day decided the battle of Saratoga, and determined that America should be independent, I think of Luke Varnum. When I go to see monuments erected in memory of Colonel Warner and General Stark, and even poor old Burgoyne, I think of Luke Varnum and others like him. And then sometimes I wonder whether every man and boy of us who bravely and truly does the very best thing he knows how to do, does not have the future of the world resting on him .- Youth's Companion.